you are the reason i'm smiling when there's nothing to smile about

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you are the reason i'm smiling when there's nothing to smile about

by mistyheartrbs

Summary

The two of them always admired each other.

Notes

I kind of wanted to write something in time for the show's finale's anniversary (it's been a year already. Wow) and I heard this lyric (from the song "Peach" by the Front Bottoms) so I somehow wrote this thing. Enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes

* * *

Mako finds her quite incredible, really. She wonders how it was possible for a simple-minded underachiever like herself to be lucky enough to meet this goddess, this rebel on a mission.

Ryuko thinks she's a little weird, a little crazy, and, quite frankly, rather amazing. She's still a bit confused about how this optimistic, child-like girl managed to get past the walls she put up in her head, how Mako even managed to barge into her heart when she wasn't looking. She's glad that she did, though. Mako's the closest thing she's ever had to a normal, human friend (even if she's anything but) and Ryuko is slowly realizing that she'd take the moon from the stars and give it to Mako, if that was what she desired. It wasn't like that would be too hard, anyway. She's been to the stars, she's seen the moon up close. Nothing feels that far away now.

* * *

She doesn't really consider Ryuko a goddess anymore, though. She's a human, just like Mako, even if Ryuko insists she's some kind of monster. Mako thinks that's a bit hilarious. Ryuko's a person if Mako ever saw one. Sure, she's nearly indestructible, went to space, and has alien threads stitched into her veins (and Mataro swore that he saw that red streak glow once) but she's also laughed and cried and loved and lost, and that's all you really need to be a human. To Mako, she's no less than the most beautiful person in the world.

Through all of this, Mako's really been Ryuko's only tie to a normal life, to the scraps of humanity that Ryuko clung to like her life depended on it. It did, in a sense. The last thing that Ryuko wanted was to turn out like her mother. She had Satsuki, too - the sister she never knew that she had - but the older girl had her own life now. Ryuko hadn't even known that Satsuki was her sister for all those months she spent fighting her, but Mako had always been there, plunging through all that danger to break into some nonsensical speech, always ready to stand by her side. Ryuko admired that, and she always felt a bit fuzzy whenever Mako tackled her in a hug. Not that she'd ever admit it, of course.

* * *

Mako considers her to be somewhat of an inspiration. She's been through so much, she's lost so many people close to her - her father, her closest friend - and yet she's still smiling, still laughing and living. She didn't let anyone stop her from living her life. It's what gets Mako up in the morning, it's what gets her through the day, to some extent. After all, if Ryuko can save the world and keep on laughing at the cats she saw on the way to school, what's stopping Mako from lifting that heavy table, from finishing that math problem?

Mako was trapped in that COVERS monster for nearly a month, and during that time (it all felt like a dream, in retrospect - a really weird dream, she might add) all that she could think

about, all that she could see, was Ryuko's face, sometimes crying, sometimes contorted into twisted anger, sometimes laughing in joy at something Mako couldn't see. She was relieved when she found out that Ryuko was alive, terrified when she learned that she was in a coma. She fought in those battles to protect the lives of everyone she loved, but she also fought to protect a life that she might be able to have with Ryuko, someday, when this was all over. Everything was bleak, but Ryuko was that one spark that kept Mako's hopes alive. She was the thing that kept her optimistic throughout that war. Just thinking about the girl - even now - made Mako's cheeks turn pink. She'd been told that the thing she felt when she thought about Ryuko was called "love." Mako liked it, to be honest. It was a nice feeling, warm and bubbly, a bit like sunshine after rain.

If she could swallow the pride that she's collected over the years, let the proud loner demeanor go for a few minutes, Ryuko would say that Mako was far braver than she could ever be. The perky girl had everything to lose - a family, her home, her own life - and yet she kept on diving into battles, kept on rambling about love and friendship and anything else that could come up under that glowing spotlight that seemed to pop up every time Mako talked. She fought and laughed and cried for a girl she hardly knew. Ryuko's pretty sure that she dreamed about Mako a few times while she was in that coma. She fought for her, for Satsuki, for everyone to be safe. She knew, when she was fighting her mother, when the stars twinkled around her and the enemy that had created her, that Mako was watching from below, that she had a date to go on. A date. Even the thought of that day made her feel fuzzy and kind of weird. "Love," the movies and books and everything else called it. She's pretty sure that's what it is.

--*-*

"Ryuko-chan?"

"Yeah, Mako?"

"You know that you're really amazing, right?"

"'Course I do."

". . ."

"Mako?"

"Yeah?"

"You're pretty amazing, too."

-*-*-*-

End Notes

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